LEARN ONE THING EVERY DAY

OCTOBER 1 1919 SERIAL NO. 188

THE MENTOR

CITIZENS OF THE JUNGLE

By
WILLIAM T. HORNADAY
Director New York Zoological Park

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY

VOLUME 7
NUMBER 16

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Man's Interest in Animals

BY natural inclination, every child is interested in animals. Whenever a grown person is not so interested, it is positive proof that the natural instincts of childhood either have been turned aside, or stifled by lack of opportunity to live and grow. The love for animals is, I believe, even more universal than the love for music.

* * *

"Whenever I try to sum up the amount of living interest, and also genuine delight, that is yielded by even a very modest acquaintance with the higher forms of life, 'I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me!' It seems a pity that so many appreciative persons should lose so much of life through lack of acquaintance with about three hundred important and well-chosen species of animals.

* * *

"In these days of struggle and stress for Place and Power, and in these nights of insomnia and nerves, there are few side issues more restful or more pleasantly diverting to a tired brain than an active interest in some branch of natural history. A hunt for the life history of a fine animal species is next in restfulness to a real hunt, over the fields and far away, with all cares and worries left behind."

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF A POPULAR INTEREST IN ART, LITERATURE, MUSIC, SCIENCE, HISTORY, NATURE AND TRAVEL

THE MENTOR IS PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH

BY THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC., AT 114-116 EAST 16TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTION, FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR. FOREIGN POSTAGE 75 CENTS EXTRA. CANADIAN POSTAGE 50 CENTS EXTRA. SINGLE COPIES TWENTY CENTS. PRESIDENT, THOMAS H. BECK; VICE-PRESIDENT, WALTER P. TEN EYCK; SECRETARY, W. D. MOFFAT; TREASURER, J. S. CAMPBELL; ASSISTANT TREASURER AND ASSISTANT SECRETARY, H. A. CROWE.

OCTOBER 1, 1919 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 16

Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1913, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1919, by The Mentor Association, Inc.

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY
SERIAL NUMBER 188

Citizens of the Jungle

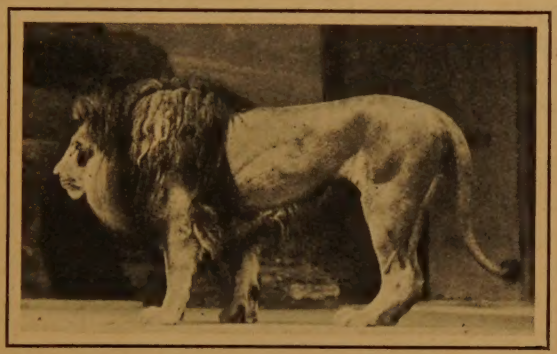
By DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY
Director of New York Zoological Park, and author of "American Natural History," "Our Vanishing Wild Life," etc.

MENTOR GRAVURES

GUNDA COMPLAINS

MENELIK CALLS

SIBERIAN TIGER, CZARINA



MENELIK

MENTOR GRAVURES

GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS

FEMALE GORILLA, DINAH

ORANG-UTAN AND CHIMPANZEE

EDITORIAL NOTE—The pictures in this number are reproduced through the courtesy of and by arrangement with the New York Zoological Society.

WHEN I was a young man, the word "jungle," either printed or spoken, always thrilled me with its atmosphere of romance and mystery. It stood for a world of botanical wonders, peopled with strange and more-or-less dangerous wild men and wild beasts. Behind every bush there lurked a fresh surprise, and a new species of doubt or danger. The open plains, even of Africa and Asia, never had for me a similar fascination. A vast plain quickly loses its interest and becomes commonplace.

A "jungle" is a feature of the tropics only; and it may be composed of anything from brush and dwarfed trees twenty feet high, up to a tall and gloomy forest, with a floor so densely choked with thorny palms and ratans that nothing larger than a cat can work through them. I do not call the plains of eastern Africa, or central Asia, real "jungles"; and except for the lion their wild-beast populations have no place in this article.

I like all the jungles that I ever have seen, save those of South America. Those contain a wretchedly small stock of wild animals; they are difficult to work, and they are cruel in the extreme. I was sorry that Col. Roosevelt decided to make that awful trip to South America. I felt that that trip was entirely wrong—for him,—and now we all know that it was a mistake. Undoubtedly it shortened Roosevelt's life by several years.

Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1913, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1919, by The Mentor Association, Inc.

The Elephant

GUNDA, LATE FAMOUS ELEPHANT OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK

By the laws of the Wild Ones, the Elephant is the Alpha-and-Omega lord of the jungle. Like the title of Robinson Crusoe, his "rights there are none to dispute." Of all the jungle dwellers, he is the only one whose soul is not haunted every waking moment by fear of bodily harm. He rises with composure, feeds with serene confidence, and rests and sleeps unafraid. To him the wolf, the wild dog, the leopard and the bear are trifles, and even the fearsome tiger is merely an incident of passing interest. History has yet to record an instance of a wild tiger voluntarily attacking a wild elephant.

As you see the Indian elephant at home in his bamboo or teak-and-blackwood jungle, his majesty impresses you. Being by nature amiable and kind-spirited, he is given to assembling with thirty or forty other fellows for social companionship and for protective philanthropy toward the young and frivolous calves. In times of trouble from predatory man—the elephant's only enemy—the herd never scatters to the exposure of its weaker members. The law of the herd is that of the Three Musketeers: "One for all, and all for one."

A herd of forty or fifty elephants busily feeding on a jungly hillside is a fine sight. At such a time even a tenderfoot elephant hunter can, with certain risks, stalk any one member of the outer circle; and I know one man-cub who penetrated so far into the interior of a large herd that he came quite near to embarrassment.

MOGUL—THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS

Books have been written about the Indian elephant, but thus far no one of them has told more than one-half of his story. The mental capacity of the elephant, and his moods and tenses, are fully understood by but very few persons; and wicked old Gunda, late of the New York Zoological Park, gave us many new things to ponder upon. During the ten years that I lay awake nights with thoughts of him and his depravity of mind, he kept developing new

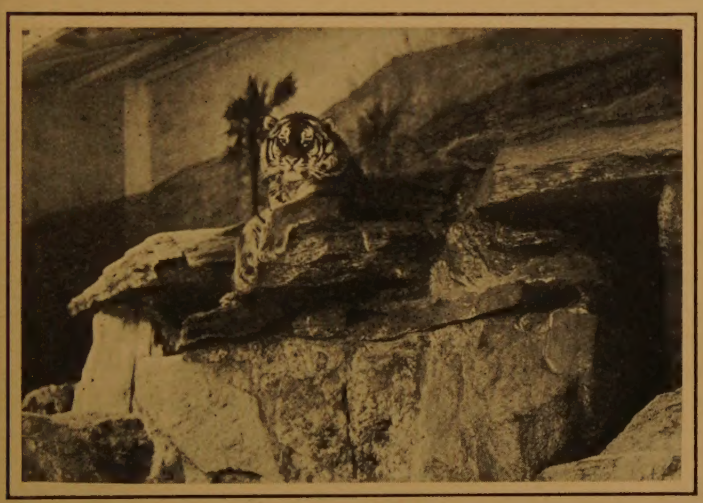
species of deviltry; and once by a cunning manoeuver he almost succeeded in killing his keeper.

In the traveling shows the ratio of female to male elephants is about 16 to 1. The reason is the inborn wickedness of all full-grown males who do not have to work for a living, ten hours per day.

The Tiger

The Tiger is the chief thriller of the jungles. His realm is India, Burma, Siam, the Malay Peninsula and eastern China, up to and including Korea and parts of Manchuria. When he feels well, and takes to man-eating, one of his kind can send, by tiger radio, quakes of fear thrilling and shivering through the hearts of humans for twenty-five miles in every direction.

A perfectly fresh and unspoiled tiger in his native jungle is imposing to look upon. No matter whether you are on foot or on the hurricane deck of a scared elephant, such a tiger always looks twice as big as he is—but no handsomer than he is, for that would be impossible. Over his massive torso and sides, on a coat as smooth and soft as silk, his black stripes stand out in relief like loose bands of black velvet, and his head is a long-whiskered symphony in black, white and yellow.



SIBERIAN TIGER

Consider the "game-killer" of my old hunting-grounds, the Animallai Hills of Southern India. Where is there a more honest and upright beast, or a jungle citizen that more carefully obeys the jungle law? He might have a Karder or a Mulcer to eat every night if he chose. He might slaughter axis deer by the dozen if he wanted to. He might raid down into the plains, and find great sport in killing cattle and goats and ponies.

But, no. He kills nothing but legitimate wild game, strictly according to his needs, and he lets none of it go to waste. He never takes a trophy head only, leaving loads of good meat to spoil and become a loss. I used to wonder at, and admire, the conscientiousness of those game-killing tigers, and although I several times tracked those jungles in black darkness, it never once occurred to me to get scared about what a game-killing tiger might do to me. My only anxiety was about finding my way aright.

Once I saw a big game-killing tiger—an old "he-one," too,—under the

most perfect conditions that could be imagined. I stood on ground about five feet above him, and only thirty paces distant. At the finish there was not even a twig to spoil my view —or his. The midday sun gloriously shone upon him, and he paused to look at me. I well remember the startled and uncouth words that flashed through my head: *"Great Caesar! He is as big as an ox!"*

"DINAH"—GORILLA

And truth to tell, he really was as big as a small ox, for he pulled down the scales at 495 pounds. Incidentally, for a dozen years he "held the record" for weighed-and-measured tigers in the flesh.

The Gorilla

As a jungle citizen, the Gorilla is the Wonder of Wonders. I have seen a photograph of a giant male (dead) sitting in the public square of a native village in the Cameroon country, held up by three native men. That mighty beast stood about 6 feet 2 inches high, he weighed about 425 pounds, and it is probable that no human being ever had such shoulders, arms and torso as his. Judging by that monster, we must say that Fremiet's awe-inspiring bronze statue of a giant gorilla carrying off a native woman was not at all exaggerated.

From the neck downward the gorilla is nearest in anatomy to the lord of creation,—man. From the neck upward he is not nearly so man-like as the chimpanzee or the orang-utan. The brain of both those animals and their general intelligence far surpass his. A captive chimpanzee six years old often knows as much as a human child of three, and sometimes more than a dull adult. I should judge that the wisest captive gorilla ever known possessed about as much intelligence as a woodchuck, but no more.

A "CLOSE-UP" OF "DINAH"

Our "Dinah" was friendly, for a captive gorilla,—but hopelessly solemn and undemonstrative. Most captive gorillas are so morose and sullen that they do not live long. When a healthy and well-kept gorilla does not know enough to like good bananas and eat them with avidity, what hope is there for that species on any basis involving intelligence?

The Chimpanzee

CHIMPANZEE

Less fierce and fearsome, but more widely famous than the gorilla, is the Chimpanzee. It, also, inhabits the blackest belt of the black man's continent, and the two species occupy the same territory without quarreling over their respective holdings.

But the chimpanzee has been much seen of men, and now in Europe and America it is widely known. In the larger cities of America I think it would be hard to find a theater-goer who has not seen at least one trained "chimp" in performance on the stage.

Truly, the brightness and receptivity of the chimpanzee mind, and the far reach of its memory, is one of the wonders of the animal world. When I witnessed the performance of "Peter," noting each item as the "act" unfolded, I was amazed at the variety of the performance. Finally, as the act ran on and on, to great length, I became indignant at the nervous strain and long task that was put upon that devoted animal. I said that at that rate Peter soon would be dead from over exertion,—and within about three months from that day his death was announced. His brain, and the folly of his exhibitors, proved his undoing.

Of all animals, the chimpanzee is the one nearest to man, both in brain capacity and in what is called temperament. I should say that a "chimp" has about twenty times more intelligence than the gorilla, and ten times more activity and resourcefulness.

When trained and dressed in human clothes his humanlikeness is positively uncanny. A "chimp" in shoes, madly careering and gyrating on roller skates, or doing trick-riding on a bicycle with outrageous poise and aplomb, is enough to make the superman shiver with suspicion and ego-shock.

"DINAH" BEING MODELED BY MISS EUGENIA SHOMMARD

The Orang-Utan

But of all the anthropoid (man-like) apes, the Orang-Utan is the favorite. His senatorial dome of thought,

his serene countenance, his sanguine temperament and his habit of square dealing make a strong appeal to us.

By nature he is not tricky and dangerous as the chimpanzee so often is; and being naturally very sociable and friendly he makes a much more satisfactory companion than the hysterical "chimp."

From a photograph by P. S. Edwards

A HAPPY FAMILY OF CHIMPANZEES

The mind of the orang is not so quick and responsive as that of the chimpanzee, but he has just as many thoughts, and just as good ones, as his black rival. He can be trained, excellently, and when trained he makes a good performer; but usually his tastes do not trend toward the footlights. Once, however, we had in the Zoological Park two large orangs whose minds were widely different. One was an excellent actor, the other was a born investigator and inventor. The latter discovered the lever as a mechanical force, just as fairly and squarely as Archimedes discovered the screw, and, with his trapeze-bar lever, he joyously wrecked all the wall furniture of his cage.

The orang comes from the country of the brown-skinned Malay,—Borneo and Sumatra; and he too is a blonde. His skin is chocolate brown,—milk chocolate, not the lamp-black article. He has long and shaggy hair, of a brick-red color, and by that token alone, dead or alive, you may know him as far as you can see him. An old male will weigh 225 pounds, or even more. In their own country you can find them by watching for the big nests of green branches that they build in the swaying tops of stout saplings from 20 to 30 feet high. They make those nests by breaking off green branches and piling them crosswise in the chosen tree-top. On those nests they sleep, flat on their backs, with each hand and foot reaching out and permanently grasping a strong branch as a safety-clutch.

"JOE"—Orang-Utan

From a photograph taken *before July 1st, 1919*

The faces of old male orangs are disguised by a huge and thoroughly unique sidewise extension of the cheek, that is flattened on the front surface into an excrescence four or five inches wide. The earlier exponents of the orang christened those things "cheek callosities." So far as we can recall, no other animal has anything like it. When you shoot your first big orang (on the Sadong River, Borneo), when you haul him into your canoe and look for the first time at that unearthly face, you are tempted to think that you are dreaming, and that it cannot be true.

The Rhinoceros

When we look at the skeleton of a Triceratops, a Tyranosaurus and a Brontosaurus, all under one roof, we believe with the historian that "there were giants in those days." And similarly, when we turn and contemplate the whales, the elephants, the hippos and the rhinoceroses, we proudly assert that there are also some giants in these days.

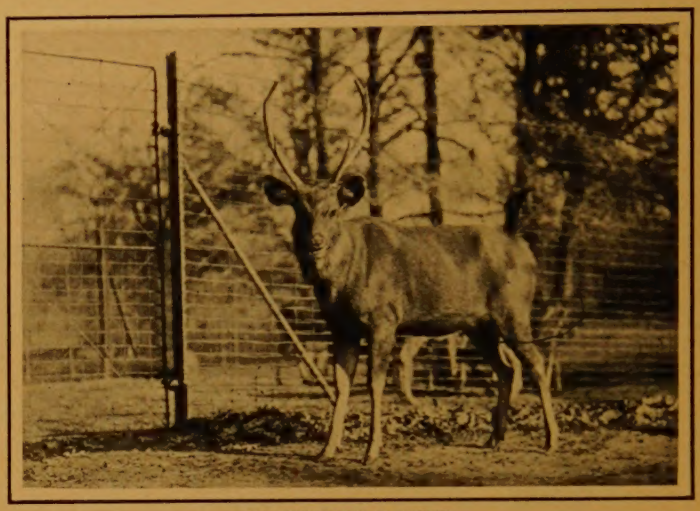
"BALDY"—Chimpanzee
A great favorite, and a very useful citizen

There were few prehistoric land-going mammals for which the great Indian Rhinoceros needs to take a back seat. In contemplating the huge bulk and wonderful anatomy of our old "Mogul," many times I have thanked the Siva gods of destruction that they spared his kind to live down to these perilous times. He was in his day within two points of being just as wonderful as the three-horned Triceratops whose post office address now is the American Museum of Natural History.

In the jungles that clothe the southern foothills of the Himalayas from Nepal southeastward into Burma and Siam, the one-horned Indian Rhino is the monarch of all he surveys. Near him there are no elephants, and the Indian buffalo and the tiger of the Terai are clearly out of his class. His small numbers rapidly are growing smaller, and there are many who believe that he is doomed to comparatively early extinction. "Civilization"—by ancient courtesy so-called—now bears very hard upon every big wild animal, both of the land and the sea. The whales are being exterminated, just as rapidly and as surely as the

A LARGE ORANG-UTAN
From a sketch made by Dr. Hornaday in Borneo, after the animal had been shot

humblest animals of the land.



INDIAN SAMBAR DEER

Eleven years ago the New York Zoological Society paid $6,000 for "Mogul," when he was a baby, and practically stone blind with cataracts. He was caught in 1906, during a great rhinoceros hunt that was pulled off by a native Maharajah of Northern India in which an army of beaters was called into action to assist the hunters. Mogul grew with us, and waxed into a mighty beast. Probably ten million people knew him personally, and recognized his greatness.

A year ago he died suddenly and expensively, of heart disease (myocarditis). When alive we valued him at $25,000; and now twice that sum cannot replace him. Such is the reward of zoological people who try to bring the millions of city-dwelling humanity into personal touch with the celebrities of the jungle. The life of a museum man is on a bed of roses in comparison with the gall and wormwood of a zoo, through which Death daily and gaily stalks, striking right and left. All the king's horses and men cannot put our big humpty-dumpty of the jungle together again.

At this day and time, it looks surpassingly wicked, and sinful against the world of nature, for any man to kill an Indian rhinoceros for "sport," and leave that wonderful mountain of fantastic flesh and bones to the jackals and the vultures.

Let the mandatories of Africa take warning.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN JAGUAR

Indian Bison

Of the real jungle dwellers of India and of that mysterious realm known as "the Far East," two outstanding and commanding figures are the Gaur and the wild Indian Buffalo. In India, the former is most widely known as the "Indian Bison," and as such it has gone

AXIS DEER--OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE

down in many a jungle history.

The Indian Bison is truly one of the largest of the wild cattle tribe. It bulks as large as the American Bison, but its countenance looks singularly serene and benign. Its temper, however, is anything but that. One of my acquaintances in India was terribly mauled, and almost killed, by a young bull. In Selangor, Malay Peninsula, my old jungle friend, Capt. H. C. Syers, was killed by a big bull he had wounded and followed up through thick jungle. "The beast lay in wait for him, caught him on his horns, and tossed him straight upward, until at thirty feet up his head struck the limb of a tree, with great violence." Such was the testimony of the unfortunate hunter's English companion.

The Indian Bison is a short-haired, smooth-coated, chocolate-brown animal, with white legs and feet. I encountered several herds in India, and specimenized eight head, fortunately without an accident.

The Indian Buffalo is the wild prototype of the tame water buffaloes of India, Malaya and the Philippines. On occasion this also is a dangerous animal.

The Axis Deer

The Axis, or Spotted Deer of India, is the most beautiful of all jungle deer,—or, for that matter, of all deer! Wild or tame, to see it is to admire it. Incidentally, it is also the best and most satisfactory of all deer to keep in captivity. It is good, beautiful and true; it very rarely makes trouble; it eats well, breeds well, is never sick,—and what more will you have in a deer?

I have seen herds of axis deer feeding and resting in open, lawn-like glades in bamboo jungles, and I say that whoever is not thrilled by the beauty of such a

PUMA

sight is a Stoic, or something else.

The Sambar Deer is the largest deer of the East Indian jungles, and is much sought by sportsmen. It is about two-thirds the size of our American Elk, its antlers just escape being too small for so large an animal, and its coat is thin, coarse, harsh and unlovely. But it is a great venison-maker; it breeds and thrives in captivity, and the year-old fawn is a wonder for size. Our only difficulty in the maintenance of our herd is in disposing of the annual crop of fawns.

INDIAN SLOTH BEAR

Unique of its kind—sometimes called the "Long-lipped Bear"

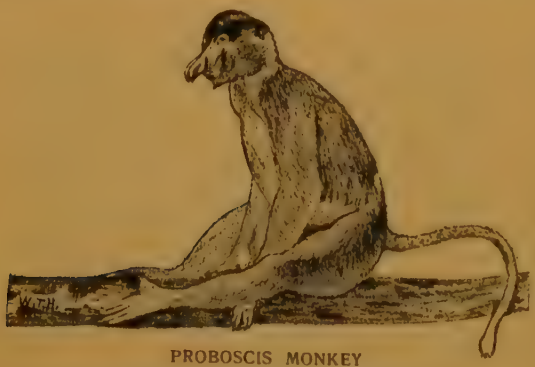
Bears

Any forested country that is destitute of bears is not worth while.

India has the remarkable Sloth Bear, a species anatomically much different from the standardized bears of Europe and America. Literally, he is long for this world. His claws are so long that they click like castanets; his hair is fearfully long and shaggy. His lips also are extra long, and through them, pursed up as a tube, he sucks in his food! Strange to say, even our New York winter of ice and snow does not bother him, and he lives out of doors just as our hardy bears do.

The Malay Sun Bear of Borneo is truly a son-of-mischief! Each member of his species is born with a streak of wickedness and an ingrowing grouch. The little Japanese black bear is dominated by nervous fear, but the Sun Bear is a bundle of meanness. He hates his keepers, and would bite them if he could. He hates his fellow in the next cage, and would kill him if he could. Lastly, he hates himself, and often disfigures his own coat by biting out of it many tufts of black hair. A cub is not so bad; but a fully grown Sun Bear is ugly to look at and ugly to live with. I presume that its function in nature is to make us appreciate other bears.

I cannot take leave of the jungles of India and the Far East without introducing the most distinguished monkey citizen of that tropical wonderland. Behold my old friend, the famous Proboscis Monkey of Borneo, whose incredible nose (so I believe) never but once has been correctly reproduced in a picture. The only correct portrait of *Nasalis larvatus* is given here, and it is a reproduction of a drawing from life.



PROBOSCIS MONKEY

From a drawing by Dr. Hornaday

Really, the "Nose Monkey" deserves to be widely known; but no one has found a way to make him live in captivity, and most of the stuffed specimens fail to do him justice.

He is big, brown and white in color, and his massive and cumbersome tail is milk white. The naked portion of his face is chocolate brown, and his enormous overhanging nose is quite unbelievable until seen.

CITIZENS OF THE JUNGLE

American Jungles

We have jungles in the Americas,—both Central and South America. The Guianas, Venezuela, Colombia and Brazil, are full of them; and some of them are as bad as the worst. For evidence of it read the tragedy related by Eugene André in "A Naturalist in the Guianas." Four men on the upper Caura River who were set afoot in the jungle by the wreck of a canoe, with André and three other men in a boat helping them, found it utterly impossible to get out alive. They all perished miserably,—in spite of guns, game, dogs, rafts and their combined ingenuity.

The jungles of South America contain two citizens of renown,—the Jaguar and the Puma. Ordinarily, we think of the Jaguar as being South American and the Puma we consider North American, but both species inhabit both continents, to a very pronounced extent.

The Jaguar is the largest spotted cat of the Western Hemisphere. In bulk it is larger than any leopard of the Old World, and its black markings are arranged in large rosettes with hollow centers, instead of round leopard-like spots. The build of the Jaguar is very massive, and its huge forelegs, massive shoulders, thick neck and powerful jaws render this animal genuinely formidable and dangerous. I discounted all the horse-killing stories until that tragic day wherein four of us saw an old male Jaguar grab a full grown female (one-fourth smaller than himself) by the neck, crush her cervical vertebrae by a square bite, and carry her limp body about as a mother cat carries her small kitten. Ever since that day we have believed that a Jaguar can kill a pony and pull its dead body into the lower branches of a tree.

The Jaguar is "bad medicine."

PUMA

The Puma is not much in evidence in South America until we reach the plains of Argentina. There it is said to flourish,—and to furnish many puma stories. In the jungles of Guiana I had the colossal luck to meet a Puma; and the Puma came off second best. It was in the Essequibo River, swimming from one island to another; I had a boat, a paddler and a gun. As we approached the animal at close quarters it reared up in the water, snarled and spit at us, and then it made straight for us, evidently intending to climb on board. Its mounted skin is now in the Educational Museum of Tokio, Japan, where, most unexpectedly, I rediscovered it three years later.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

TWO YEARS IN A JUNGLE
Fully Illustrated - - *By Dr. W. T. Hornaday*

JUNGLE TALES AND JUNGLE PEOPLE
Illustrated - - - - - *By Caspar Whitney*

JUNGLE FOLK; INDIAN NATURAL HISTORY - - - - - - - *By Douglas Dewan*

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS
Fully Illustrated - - - *By Theodore Roosevelt*

THROUGH THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS. Fully Illustrated. *By Theodore Roosevelt*

JUNGLE BY-WAYS IN INDIA
Fully Illustrated - - - - *By E. P. Stebbing*

*** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

Dr. Hornaday deplores the passing of the magnificent Indian Rhinoceros. If the great Citizens of the Jungle are threatened with extinction, how much greater is the menace to the big game animals of America! The subject has become a matter of serious concern to all that are interested in the preservation of wild animal life. We do not chase Buffalo any more: we *collect* them. We do not kill the noblest types of wild animals now: we protect them. In this connection it is interesting to review the United States legislation of 1919 and see how the Moose, Deer, Antelope, Bear, Caribou, Elk, Mountain Goat and Sheep have fared at the hands of the lawmakers. We quote from a recent account of the work that is being accomplished by United States legislators.

"Forty-one of the forty-four States in which legislative sessions were held made extensive changes in the game laws.

"Maine had a provision in its game laws which permitted its residents to export deer. A Federal investigation disclosed that residents of Maine and New Hampshire had been illegally shipping large numbers of deer to the Boston markets. Judging from the number of convictions secured in Federal courts for illegal shipments, the Maine deer herd was being depleted rapidly by illegal methods. The convictions so impressed the Legislature of Maine that not only was the statute repealed but the use of moose and deer meat was prohibited in lumber camps.

"While Missouri and Wyoming prescribed closed seasons for does throughout the year, and Ohio and West Virginia for all deer, New York, Texas and Vermont repealed laws protecting does. Only one province in Canada lengthened the season on deer, Nova Scotia adding a week to the open time. Maine, New Mexico, Vermont and Wyoming cut down their deer seasons by periods ranging from five to fifteen days, New York and Ontario reduced the bag limit from two deer to one deer.

"Nova Scotia shortened the season on moose by two weeks. Wyoming cut the open time on mountain sheep six weeks and extended the protection on moose and antelope until 1925. On the other hand, Alberta lengthened the open season two weeks on mountain sheep and goats. Saskatchewan closed the province to elk hunting and West Virginia continued the closed term on these animals until 1927. Wyoming shortened the open season for elk two weeks, reduced the limit from two to one a season, and repealed the provision permitting a resident tc kill one additional elk under a special $10 license. Montana modified the elk season in certain counties and opened a few counties to hunting which theretofore had been closed. Idaho lengthened the season two weeks on elk in counties having an open season.

"Take it all in all, beneficial and noteworthy legislation of a progressive kind came from the States and Provinces making changes in their game laws.

"Sportsmen, conservationists and legislators should now direct their attention to the program for conserving the elk in national forests about the Yellowstone Park. A study has been made of this subject by Henry S. Graves, Forester, and E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey. The danger of the destruction of these herds through infringement on their winter range has become imminent. Safeguards for these magnificent game animals are demanded by reason of what has happened in the past to the big game animals of America."

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

TWO

JUDGING from the Lion pictures and stories, we must say that the King of the Great Cats is a habitant of jungly plains. On occasion he wanders into the open, grass-covered plains of the East African plateau, where he can be seen from afar, and even chased on horseback,—when horses are plentiful and cheap. For a century or more, South African settlers and sportsmen drove their vast ox-wagons through the orchard-like plains regions of Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand and Rhodesia, shooting lions out of thorny scrub jungle as they went. By day the lions took refuge in the dense thickets of wait-a-bit thorns, and by night the hardy hunters impounded themselves and their cattle within thick brush fences of those same thorns.

In those romantic days,—all gone, never to return,—it was a continuous game of hunt and be hunted. It rarely happened that a white sportsman lost his life to a lion, but many a defenseless native was less fortunate.

William Harvey Brown in his book, "On the South African Frontier," tells a story of a white man who was killed and eaten by a lion, who in his turn was quickly killed by the lost man's friend; the friend closed the episode by reading the English burial service over the dead lion.

Of all the thrilling lion stories that ever came out of Africa, none ever equaled the perfectly truthful yet amazing history of the two voracious man-eaters of Tsavo. Those stories by Col. Patterson, which fill one-half a book, relate how, throughout a period of nine months, those two lions depredated upon and terrorized the town of Tsavo, where a bridge of the Uganda Railway, in British East Africa, was being built across the Tsavo River, and for one period of three weeks stopped all construction work at that point.

Evidently those two lions became fired by an ambition to kill and eat all the laborers quartered in that station, and at one time they seemed in a fair way to accomplish that task. There was not a sportsman within a hundred miles, and so the engineers essayed to kill the lions. The engineers were heavily handicapped, and never since men began to shoot at big game did any party of white hunters ever make the long series of mistakes and failures that were made at Tsavo. The lions seemed to bear charmed lives, and they killed twenty-seven people at the station, "in addition to scores of unfortunate natives of whom no official record was kept." Even when a double-barreled box trap was baited,—in one closed compartment,—with a live man, and the lion promptly called the bluff by entering the other box stall to get at him, the hunters did not succeed either in catching or shooting the lion; and after nearly frightening the bait to death, it escaped. Finally, however, both the man-eaters were killed by Col. Patterson, and the people of Tsavo lived as happily as they could, forever after.

The lion is fit to be called the King of Beasts. He looks it, and his nature is as bold, confident and dignified as his appearance. He roars because he is not afraid to let his voice out. He kills only what he can consume, and he wastes very little. He is no game-hog, even when game is most plentiful; and, unlike some of our proud sportsmen, he never has himself photographed with the "bag limit" of dead game.

WRITTEN FOR THE MENTOR BY DR. W. T. HORNADAY
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 7, No. 16, SERIAL No. 188
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

CITIZENS OF THE JUNGLE — *The Indian Elephant*

ONE

HISTORICALLY the Indian Elephant is as old as the civilization of Hindustan. It is doubtful if any existing historical records even attempt to record the date, or even the century, wherein elephants first were trained for use by man. In peace and in war, in business and in sport, in politics, religion and education, *Elephas indicus* has played his various parts. He has carried thousands of Indian princes and potentates in state processions. He has carried cannon into the mountains of Abyssinia and the Punjab, and long lines of both white and native sportsmen into the most spectacular and theatrical of tiger hunts. Of living freight he has transported all things domestic, from pigs to princes.

In the timber forests of India and Burma herds of trained elephants still toil, just about as they did 500 years ago. In the Southern India teak forests as late as 1880 elephants were dragging logs most laboriously, by taking the end of the bark drag-rope between their teeth! They had not yet come to enjoy the advantages of comfortable breast collars and traces.

The Indian Elephant still inhabits many portions of the jungles of India, but particularly Ceylon, the hill forests of the Madras Presidency, Mysore, Chittagong, Siam, Burma, the whole Malay Peninsula and Sumatra. By introduction in recent times from the Sulu Archipelago, there are now elephants in British North Borneo, and a fine young English traveler and sportsman, Frank Hutton, lost his life while hunting elephants in Borneo, in 1883.

The Indian Elephant is not so high at the shoulders, by about one foot, as the large African species, but it seems to be more intelligent than the latter. We base this belief on the fact that whenever an elephant is chosen for training and show performances it is always of the Indian species. The Indian Elephant has a remarkable mind, the basis of which is a very retentive and precise memory. The females are usually very docile and obedient and the males also are—until they reach the age of about fifteen years. Then they begin to manifest stubbornness and bad temper, and unless worked hard at real labor they gradually grow worse until they become impossible. It is a common thing for a traveling show to wish a bad elephant—perhaps only in his second stage of badness,—upon some innocent and unsuspicious local zoo that "doesn't know it's loaded."

Elephant ivory steadily is growing more scarce and more costly. The chief source of supply is the jungles of equatorial Africa, but even there the ivory bearers are fast disappearing before the rifles of the white ivory hunters. By and by a piece of real elephant ivory will be a curiosity.

WRITTEN FOR THE MENTOR BY DR. W. T. HORNADAY
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 7, No. 16, SERIAL No. 188
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN R. SANBORN

GUNDA COMPLAINS—GUNDA WAS A CELEBRATED GIANT ELEPHANT OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK

THREE

THE Game-Killing Tiger has been spoken of elsewhere in the author's text. The Cattle-Lifter Tiger is a tiger of bad habits. He makes a specialty of killing cattle from the native herds at the edges of the forests into which they are driven by day to graze. And, naturally, a career of crime once being started, the step from bullock to herdsman is easily taken; and then comes the 33rd degree in tiger criminality.

The Man-Killer is the arch criminal, with every man's hand against him, and a price upon his head. And here is where the white *sahib* comes in, with a modern high-power rifle in his hand and another in the very uncertain hands of his gun-bearer. If the Fates are kind, the army of distressed villagers succeeds in locating the foe, and precariously holds him under surveillance until the *sahib* arrives and takes his position. Then the tiger is flushed, and the white man either shoots at him, misses and swears, or kills him and proudly marches behind his remains into the nearest village to receive the plaudits of the proletariat.

There was a time, about 1876, when there was much talk in India about poisoning tigers, to rid the country of their destructiveness. It was tried, and worked so successfully that all India revolted at the unsportsmanlikeness of it, so that the practise ceased soon after it began.

Many persons are amazed to hear that there are tigers in the bleak and snowy regions of Korea and Manchuria. Not only are there tigers in those inhospitable regions, but they are the largest and the most heavily furred of all tigers. In order to produce as many thrills as possible—and also dollars—the dealers in wild animals call them "Siberian" tigers. And truly, a full-grown male Siberian tiger is a magnificent beast. The New York Zoological Park acquired a pair, and winter and summer they lived without artificial heat, usually sleeping upon the highest points of their rocks. The male was, I believe, the finest tiger that ever came to America. Beside him, the short-haired tigers of India seemed strangely out of his class, and incomplete. But after seven years that large and hardy beast, with a shaggy winter coat fit to withstand Greenland's cold, actually died miserably of—*tuberculosis!* Let him match that who can. The tigress of the pair still is alive and well.

The tiger in captivity is nervous and restless; the males often are ugly-tempered to the females, and they rarely produce young and rear them. Our big male Bengal tiger was so mean to his wife that we had to grant her a divorce from him, and, having been divorced for cause, he must henceforth remain single.

WRITTEN FOR THE MENTOR BY DR. W. T. HORNADAY
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 7, No. 16, SERIAL No. 188
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN R. SANBORN

SIBERIAN TIGER, CZARINA

FOUR

THREE species of rhinoceroses have been publicly exhibited alive in the United States. All three have been shown in the New York Zoological Park. They are the great Indian Rhinoceros, the Sumatran Rhinoceros and the so-called Black Rhinoceros of Africa. The great white rhinoceros of Africa never but once has been seen in the possession of man; and that was in Rhodesia, fully twenty years ago, when a calf was caught and kept alive for a few weeks.

Determined efforts were made about seven years ago, by agents of the New York Zoological Society, to capture two white rhino calves in the Lado District, on the west bank of the Nile, between Gondokoro and Kartoum, but many things conspired to defeat the effort. Another attempt is to be made as soon as the necessary governmental permission can be obtained. The white rhino is very large, when fully grown, and very wonderful, and it is a zoological prize worth working for.

Numerically, the great Indian rhinoceros is sadly on the decline. It need cause no surprise if it becomes totally extinct during the next fifty years. In this age of annihilation, every species as large and as tempting to hunters as a rhinoceros needs a triple line of guards around it to save it from extinction.

The Indian rhinoceros can be recognized from these three characteristics: enormous size; one low, thick horn and no other; and a thick skin lying like huge slabs of sole-leather, with flexible boundaries to provide for some bodily motion. The eyes are small—entirely too small for this dangerous world! They should be as large as those of a giraffe.

Naturally, an animal that requires in the jungle about 150 pounds of green food per day must live in places where grass and other pasturage is plentiful and cheap. No rhino can live where the herbage is short and uncertain. The Indian rhino is mostly at home in the reedy and grassy swamps of Assam and Bhootan, but it is said to be extinct in Nepal. In the days when rhinoceros hunting was permissible the game was sought in swampy regions, quite the same as those frequented by the Indian buffalo.

In captivity an Indian rhinoceros is a very satisfactory animal. If kept warm in cold weather it is a good feeder, it lives long and is easily managed by its keepers. Like all animals it is subject to the pneumonia scourge that in the North American climate is an ever-threatening evil. In the winter of 1917 old Mogul contracted a bad cough, and his guardians at the New York Zoological Park were frightened at the prospect of pneumonia. Our wild animal doctor promptly began to dose "Mogul" with cough medicine, usually a quart for a dose, and that remedy wrought good results.

WRITTEN FOR THE MENTOR BY DR. W. T. HORNADAY
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 7, No. 16, SERIAL No. 188
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN R. SANBORN

GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS

FIVE

MANY unprincipled traveling showmen have exhibited savage old dog-faced baboons under the startling, painted falsehood, "Gorilla, or Lion-Slayer." Even at this moment word comes from California that a well-known circus is exhibiting a chimpanzee under a "gorilla" label. No traveling show ever exhibited or ever had a real gorilla. Only three real gorillas ever landed on the North American continent. The first was a little sick infant that came to Boston in 1897, imported by the Edwards Brothers; it lived five days only. The second was the three-year-old gorilla that Mr. R. L. Garner secured in the French Congo Territory, West Africa, in 1912 for the New York Zoological Society. Although well and strong in Africa the two long voyages necessary to reach New York left it in poor health, and in the Zoological Park it lived only eleven days.

Two years later Mr. Garner brought to the Zoological Park a fine and healthy female gorilla, four years old, named "Dinah." Mr. Garner kept her in Africa for a year, and civilized her, and she lived another year in the Zoological Park. She was fairly amiable and kind-spirited, but exercising was quite out of her line, and finally she stopped taking food and died from under-nutrition, with all her digestive organs in perfectly healthy condition. She was the first healthy gorilla ever seen in America and her life in captivity was the longest on record save that of one specimen. Once upon a time a gorilla lived in the Breslau Zoological Gardens for actually seven years!

Usually the life of a gorilla on exhibition is from three to five months; but once in London the record reached nine months. The trouble is chiefly temperamental. From the cradle to the grave the gorilla is a sullen, misanthropic, pessimistic beast, always refusing new foods, and sulking on an empty stomach.

A full-grown gorilla never came into captivity, even in Africa. While it is possible for an "old he-one" to be captured alive, the expenditure of money, time and labor would be very great. To transport to the gorilla jungles a cage qualified to hold an adult male gorilla would be about as easy as to send thither a sixteen-inch naval gun; and to bring the gorilla and the cage together might require years of effort.

Many have gone after gorillas and returned empty handed. The men of the movies have tried their hand in the gorilla game, only to be baffled and beaten. There are a few things that the movie kings simply cannot have in this world, and the adult-wild-gorilla film is one of them.

There is not in any museum—so far as we know—even one finely mounted full-grown male gorilla. There are several that are quite good, but most of them are atrocities. Nor is there, so far as is known, a worthy oil painting of an adult gorilla. It is strange that this most wonderful of all living land animals should be so poorly set forth for the benefit of the world's millions of people, who cannot journey to the hot-house jungles of Equatorial West Africa to see the gorilla at home!

WRITTEN FOR THE MENTOR BY DR. W. T. HORNADAY
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 7, No. 16, SERIAL No. 188
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN R. SANBORN

FEMALE GORILLA, DINAH

CITIZENS OF THE JUNGLE
The Orang-Utan and Chimpanzee

SIX

FOR two centuries the anglicized name of this animal has been distorted and fundamentally wrong. It has been orang-"outang." The first half is all right, but in two respects the last half is wrong. The "ou" is erroneous and the "tang" is an English invention. If you say "outang" to a Malay he will not know what you mean. "Orang" is a Malay word, meaning "man." "Utan," pronounced oo-tan, means "jungle." Hence we have man-of-the-jungle, or jungle man. With the Dyaks of Sarawak the favorite name for this great blonde beast is "mias."

Next to the chimpanzee, the orang-utan is the best known of the apes. For fifty years an intermittent stream of little red-haired babies, scared and miserable, has been flowing out of Borneo into Singapore and away to Europe. No traveler whose heart is right can resist the pathetic appeal of the big brown eyes of these babies, least of all when supplemented by the thin, nasal whine of helpless infancy. In February, 1879, I sent two young orangs from Singapore to Madras in care of a rising young captain of industry named Andrew Carnegie, then, with his partner, J. W. Vandervorst, making a tour around the world. That distinction was quickly followed by another. When Mr. A. G. R. Theobald received the two orang kids in Madras, they were presented at the court of the Lieutenant-Governor, His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, and history states that "they (the miases) were much complimented upon their excellent deportment and their good looks."

The orang takes kindly to training, but his feet are a handicap to his activity. They are not so man-like as those of the chimpanzee. The toes are much too long both for walking and for wearing shoes. As a result, the feet are poorly formed for an animal that is asked to caricature humanity. Mr. J. S. Edwards had excellent success with "Joe," and obtained a series of dressed-up photographs that were irresistibly humorous; and "Joe" played on the stage until he got his last call.

A large male orang-utan stands four feet six inches in height from sole to crown and weighs much more than the average man. The spread of the extended arms and hands, between the tips of the middle fingers, sometimes attains eight feet. At rare intervals a full-grown male is captured alive. One taken in Dutch Borneo, about fifteen years ago, promptly bit off half a foot of one of its captors, tore its cage to pieces, and escaped to its native jungle.

CHIMPANZEES

The geographic spread of the chimpanzees (there are several species) is much wider than that of the gorilla or the orang-utan. It extends from the west coast of Equatorial Africa clear through to the great lakes of Central Africa and on as far as Mount Kenia in British East Africa. While hunting elephants in the Mount Kenia country Mr. Carl E. Akeley of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, saw many large troops of big chimpanzees.

The world's supply of "chimps," numbering at least a score each year, comes chiefly from the French Congo Territory, by way of Fernan Vaz; but part of it comes from Angola and what once was the German Cameroons. The Belgian Congo Territory does not furnish anything like the annual number of chimps that one would expect to see from that vast region. Really, the French Congo seems to be the center of the chimp population of West Africa. Quite recently Mr. Garner wrote home from his temporary residence near Fernan Vaz a thrilling account of the great troops of chimpanzees that often marched across the open plain in front of his house. Never before had we heard of chimps marching thus in the open.

In the chimpanzee market the zoological park people now meet strange rivals. They are people from the laboratories and institutes of pathological research in quest of chimpanzee subjects for experimentation, because they are so near to man. At the present moment one of the great eastern institutes has an order out for 800 rhesus monkeys! If the filling of that requisition does not start a rise in the monkey market, nothing ever will.

The chimpanzee is the only anthropoid ape endowed with a thoroughly nervous temperament, mental alertness, and boundless activity. Mentally, the gorilla is a phlegmatic clodhopper, and the orang-utan is a sanguine, easy-going philosopher. With only a small number of exceptions, these factors are constant.

When not wearing shoes, the chimpanzee does not often walk upright. In natural walking the chimpanzee flexes his fingers at the middle joint and walks upon his knuckles. The chimpanzee is the only one of the three large apes that possesses a real voice; and he is abundantly endowed. When he opens his throttle wide, either in joyous yell or angry scream, he can easily be heard half a mile. Mr. Garner says that while chimps move about at night very little, the family groups do an inordinate amount of calling and yelling. The voice of the chimp is usually pitched in a raucous key, and the word "who" is played upon up and down, with many variations.

WRITTEN FOR THE MENTOR BY DR. W. T. HORNADAY
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 7, No. 16, SERIAL No. 188
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION, INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN R. SANBORN

ORANG-UTAN AND CHIMPANZEE

Chimpanzee Family Groups

CHIMPANZEES living in family groups and exhibiting almost human traits have been discovered in Africa by scientists from the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., according to a statement issued by the institute.

These strange animals were found by R. L. Garner, well-known scientist and student of ape life, who heads the Collins-Garner French Congo expedition. Mr. Garner was surprised at the interest the animals appeared to take in the expedition.

He mentions one instance of an old ape and his companion, who he refers to as the chimpanzee's wife, approaching within 100 yards. The male species was exceedingly curious, but his companion showed the feminine trait of being suspicious and uneasy over the encounter with the strangers.

Mr. Garner's account of ape family life is most interesting.

"Our domicile was located on the edge of a vast plain, traversed here and there by belts and spurs of forest. In those plots of bush live great numbers of chimpanzees, and for the first time in my long experience among them I have seen whole families of them out on the open plain. Frequently they crossed the plain from one belt of bush to another, in some places a mile or so in width and not a tree or bush in that distance to shelter them from attack.

"They often came within 200 to 300 yards of my house and sometimes manifested deep interest in trying to find out what this new thing was set up in their midst. I have seen as many as four or five different groups of them in the same day, and one of these contained eleven members.

"One very old man came, on two occasions, within 100 yards of me and scrutinized me very closely, while his wife (as I took his companion to be) appeared to be very uneasy and suspicious. On several occasions I have seen the young ones romping and tumbling about on the grass, chasing and scuffling with each other, exactly as you see human children do.

"A school of them slept, one night, within less than one hundred yards of my house, in a very small clump of bush, on one side of which is Lake Fernan Vaz, and all around the rest of it an open plain, with the quarters of my crewmen not more than 200 yards away on the opposite side from me, and a native village in plain view 500 yards away.

"I have never before seen so many chimpanzees as I found there, and I have never seen them so indifferent to the presence of human beings. Even while I was building and had as many as eighteen or twenty natives moving about the place, those reckless apes would often cross the open plain in full view and with apparent composure."

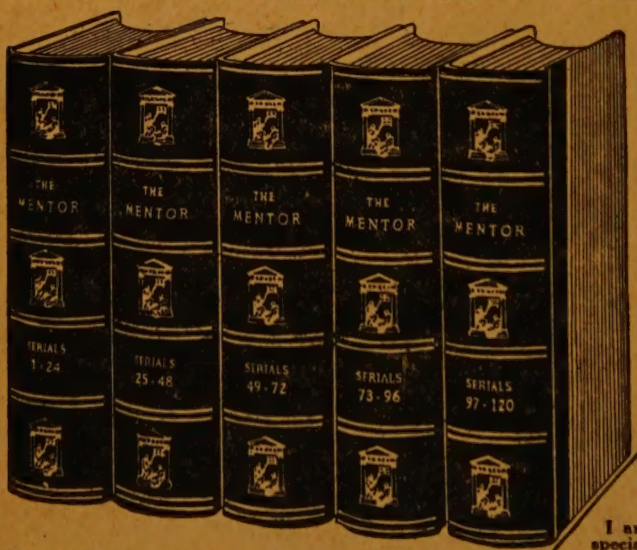
THE MENTOR IN BOOK FORM

THE MENTOR bound in book form makes the most interesting and valuable library that it is possible to obtain. The hundreds of full page gravures, the authoritative, interesting and condensed form in which every subject is treated make it a work that will be invaluable for all time. Tens of thousands of copies of the issues that make up this set are purchased every month by the members of The Mentor Association, which proves more than any thing we might say the value of every number that goes to make up a volume.

We have just received from the binders a number of sets, finished in a beautiful three-quarter morocco. It is complete in five handy volumes, containing all the material that has been published up to and including issue 120. It contains 2,000 text pages, 720 full page gravures, and over 1,800 other rare illustrations. The sets that have just come in are especially well-bound; so strong, in fact, that they will last for years. The leather is an extra fine skin, the clear cut lettering and the cover decorations are in gold—making a set that will prove a handsome addition to any library.

As a member of The Mentor Association you appreciate the value of possessing a work that has the merit of the material that makes up The Mentor Library. Each subject is complete in every detail—and you have the privilege of possessing all subsequent volumes as fast as they are issued, which in time will be a complete, authoritative, and a supremely interesting set. It is a set of volumes that you will be proud to pass on to your children and to your children's children; and the price is so low, and the terms so easy, that you surely must take advantage of it.

YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW. Simply send us your name and address with the request to forward them to you. We will send the five attractive volumes, all charges paid. You can then send us $1.00—no more—within ten days after receipt of bill and $3.00 a month until $36.25 has been paid—or five per cent. discount for cash, should you choose.



YOU SAVE

$4.25

IF YOU ACT PROMPTLY

If you will send us a post card or the coupon at once we will extend your subscription for one year without additional cost, to begin at the expiration of your present membership; also you will receive, without additional charge (regular price, 25c.), the new cross-reference index, which places every subject in the library at your instant command.

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
114-116 East 16th Street, New York City

The Mentor Association
114-116 East Sixteenth St.
New York City

I am glad to accept your special offer. Send me the five bound volumes of The Mentor, all charges paid, and enter me for one year's membership to The Mentor. I will send $1 on receipt of statement and $3 monthly, until the full amount, $36.25, is paid.

Name.....

City..... State.....